

Silence by IWriteWorksNotTragedies

Category: Stranger Things (TV 2016)

Genre: Gen, Muteness, References to Depression, Talking

Language: English

Characters: Mike Wheeler, Will Byers

Relationships: Eleven | Jane Hopper/Mike Wheeler

Status: Completed

Published: 2018-06-23

Updated: 2018-06-23

Packaged: 2022-04-22 05:02:18

Rating: General Audiences

Warnings: No Archive Warnings Apply

Chapters: 1

Words: 389

Publisher: archiveofourown.org

Summary:

What if all you heard from me is

Silence.

Silence

Have you ever had a moment where it feels like everything just *stops*? Where you just sit there, while everything going on around you is going twice as fast, but you can't move. You think about moving, you feel like you could think forever and never have to speak again, just think, think and think until there's nothing left to think about. Think about talking but never speak, think about answering their questions but not a word leaves your lips.

What if, suddenly, you were so overwhelmed by everything going around you, you just couldn't speak, if you didn't have the power to say anything anymore. What would you do? What if someone asked you something? Would you just ignore them? Try to answer without speaking to the best of your ability? What if, you just stopped talking, and never did it again?

Would you even notice?

Because I didn't, I was so overwhelmed that I didn't use my mouth, I didn't even notice for the first day, but I didn't talk. It sounds strange doesn't it? I haven't spoken since, but I think I like it better this way. I don't know why, but it feels natural not to speak after what happened.

What happened? That might be a story for a different time, but I'll just say I lost someone that day, and since, I haven't seen a reason to talk, when it first happened I tried to talk, but since the first week I haven't even tried, I don't even know if I could, but I think people stopped noticing as well. My friends just adapted to it, started to ask yes or no questions so I could answer fast, and I started to use paper to conduct my games, even though it was harder, or inconvenient, it was still preferable to talking, but I don't know why.

The only person that tries to get me to talk still is my friend Will, he tries for hours and hours on end, but I don't, I don't know if I could if I wanted to. Almost three hundred days is a long time to not speak. But one thing stays consistent, I always will remember my last word, my last word will be my most important one, and quite possibly the only way I'd talk again.

Eleven